

FAMILY GUY

"Love Thy Trophy"

Production #1ACX13

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COLOR DRAFT (WHITE)
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ACT ONE

INT. ACTION NEWS 5 SET - DAY (ON TV)

TOM and DIANE sit at the anchor desk. On the screen behind them, we see footage of a golf course. A triumphant O.J. SIMPSON is being mobbed by an adoring CROWD.

DIANE (TEMP)

Good evening, I'm Diane Simmons. A stunning revelation tonight as the real killer is behind bars and O.J. Simpson is proven innocent. But first...

TOM (TEMP)

(HAPPILY) It's Fall! The time of year when leaves turn that pretty purply orange and Quahog prepares for its annual Harvest Festival Parade.

DIANE

Asian reporter Tricia Takanawa joins us live from the ceremony where they're choosing this year's theme. Tricia?

EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS (ON TV)

TRICIA stands in the middle of a field. Next to her is a large cage full of white birds. A huge CROWD is gathered.

TRICIA

Diane, behind me are one thousand beautiful doves.

(MORE)

TRICIA (CONT'D)

Gently tied to each of their delicate legs is a parade theme suggested by ordinary citizens of Quahog. And here to pick this year's winning theme is "Ten Commandments" star, Charlton Heston.

CHARLTON HESTON steps into frame.

CHARLTON HESTON

(RAISES ARMS) Let my pigeons go!

The cage opens and the birds fly away. Everyone **cheers**. Heston pulls out a shotgun and **fires**. A dove falls.

TRICIA

He nailed one! We have our theme!

The bird is handed to Heston. Tricia reaches for the tag.

INT. CLEVELAND'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLEVELAND and an excited LORETTA watch TV. Their seven-year-old son, CLEVELAND JUNIOR, jumps up and down on a chair.

CLEVELAND

I submitted "Togetherness". A simple theme, but powerful nonetheless.

INT. SWANSONS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JOE, BONNIE (still very pregnant), and KEVIN watch the ceremony. Joe **claps** robustly.

JOE

Come on, "Overcoming Adversity!"

Let's go "Overcoming Adversity!"

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INT. QUAGMIRE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As he watches TV, QUAGMIRE, in his swank 50's-style bachelor pad, prepares to swing a golf club.

QUAGMIRE

Show me "Great Women of the 20th Century." I've already got the names picked out (WHIPS OUT A LITTLE BLACK BOOK) and the numbers, all right!

EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS (ON TV)

Tricia excitedly unties the theme from the dead dove's leg and tosses the bird aside. She hands the theme to Heston.

CHARLTON HESTON

And the Harvest Festival Parade theme is... "The episode of 'Who's the Boss' where Tony sees Angela naked in the shower?"

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PETER, LOIS, CHRIS, and STEWIE watch TV. (Brian is reading a pretentious, artsy magazine called "bone.")

PETER (TEMP)

Yes! That's mine! Un-freakin'-believable! Da, da, da-na-na-na-na, da, na, hey! (TRAILS OFF)

Peter starts dancing around the room. Stewie looks up from his alphabet blocks where he's just finished spelling "Redrum."

STEWIE

Ogh! Clumsy oaf! Michael Flatley must be turning over in his grave.

(MORE)

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Wait a minute, he's not dead. Yet.

(SCRIBBLES ON A PAD) Michael Flatley.

LOIS

Peter, it's great they picked your
theme, but isn't it a little esoteric?

PETER

Esoteric?

Peter stops dancing and we **ZOOM INTO** his brain.

INT. PETER'S BRAIN/EXECUTIVE BOARDROOM (CUTAWAY)

Several EXECUTIVES sit around a large boardroom table. A
slide projector projects the word "esoteric" against a screen.

EXECUTIVE #1

Could it mean "sexy?"

EXECUTIVE #2

I think it's a science term.

EXECUTIVE #3 (TEMP)

Fellas, fellas, esoteric means
"clumsy".

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (BACK TO SCENE)

PETER (TEMP)

Lois, "Who's The Boss" was one of the
most graceful sitcoms of the eighties.

BRIAN

(WITHOUT LOOKING UP) Swing and a miss.

MEG enters and **slams** her books on the table, **weeping**.

MEG

I have no friends and it's all

because of this stupid purse!

Peter picks up the purse and shakes it violently.

PETER

What did you do to my daughter!

Peter **slams** the purse up against the wall.

PETER (CONT'D)

Swear to god, if you touched her...!

LOIS

Peter! (TO MEG) Honey, what happened?

MEG

Well, it was lunch time. And...

*

INT. HALLWAY LOCKERS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Meg is at her locker with her purse. At the next locker is a group of THREE GIRLS, all wearing Prada bags.

GIRL #1

I love the color of your Prada bag.

GIRL #2

Yeah, but yours has that great clasp.

GIRL #1 (TEMP)

Hey, Meg, wanna come to lunch? Oh,
you know what? There's no room in my
car for your big, ugly purse.

They **laugh** and run off. Meg, upset, stuffs her purse into her locker. MRS. KANNER, a friendly teacher, walks up and touches Meg's shoulder.

MRS. KANNER

Meg, let me tell you about
popularity--

GIRL #1 (O.S.)

Mrs. Kanner, are you coming?

MRS. KANNER

(TO MEG) Bye.

Mrs. Kanner turns and runs off, her Prada bag **whacking** Meg in the face.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (BACK TO PRESENT)

MEG

Daddy, if you really loved me, you'd
buy me a Prada bag.

PETER

Aw, I can't say no to you, honey.
What are they, like, ten bucks?

Peter gives her a bill.

MEG

(COY) More like eleven... hundred.

Peter swipes back the bill and **laughs** in her face.

PETER

Hehehehe. You wish I loved you that
much!

Meg **sighs**.

EXT. GRIFFINS' DRIVEWAY - THE NEXT MORNING

WE START CLOSE ON a street sign that reads "Spooner Street."
Peter supervises as Quagmire, Cleveland and Joe half-
heartedly work on a float.

Quagmire sculpts chicken wire in the shape of breasts,
Cleveland **saws** the wood, Joe uses his wheelchair arms to
support wood which he **sands**. Peter is looking over plans as
if he were the job foreman.

PETER

We're never gonna get this float done
in time for the parade! Pick up the
pace, guys!

JOE

Peter, your theme is a dud.

CLEVELAND

Yeah, I've never even seen "Who's the
Boss."

QUAGMIRE

Tuesdays in the '80s? I was always
in bed by eight. And home by eleven.
Oh!

PETER

But I can't do it without you guys!
Because I'll tell ya who's the boss.
It's not Tony, or Angela. It's not
even man-crazy Mona. It's all of us!
Quagmire, you're the boss because you
never give up. Like with the ladies.

INT. BAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Quagmire sits next to a beautiful DOLL at a single's bar.

QUAGMIRE

Gemini! (SHE SLAPS HIM) Ew!

Capricorn! (SHE SLAPS HIM) Oh! Well,

I know you're not a Virgo.

She **punches** him, knocking him off his stool and out of frame.

QUAGMIRE (O.S.)

Ah! Hey, from down here you look like

a Pisces!

The Doll **kicks** him (o.s.)

QUAGMIRE (CONT'D; O.S.)

Oof! (BEAT) Leo?

EXT. GRIFFINS' DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS (BACK TO PRESENT)

PETER

And Cleveland, you're the boss
because of your attention to detail.
La-la-Like when we play pool? You
take so long to line up your shots,
I just wanna crack you with a cue
stick. But I don't, because that
would be a hate crime, and I love ya.
And Joe, I've had new neighbors
before, but none of them were half
the man you are.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

And since you're half a man already,
that splits them into some kinda
fraction I can't even measure.

JOE

Peter's right! If we work together,
we can win this thing. Who's in?

He puts his hand out.

CLEVELAND

Peter, you had my body. Now you've
got my heart, and oh, is it racing.

Cleveland puts his hand on top.

QUAGMIRE

(PUTS A HAND IN) Go Spooner Street!

Peter smiles triumphantly and puts his hand on top.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GRIFFINS' DRIVEWAY - A LITTLE LATER

The whole neighborhood is now working enthusiastically on the float. We start on Cleveland, Joe, and Quagmire working on the float bed (NOTE: the float is now more than half-finished). Lois, Bonnie and Loretta arrange flowers. Kevin and Chris measure a board as Cleveland Jr. eagerly watches. *

KEVIN

My Dad always says, "measure twice,
cut once."

CLEVELAND JR.

My Daddy always says, "Cleveland Jr.!

Quit jumpin' on the bed!" Ha, ha,

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha...

He grabs the saw and quickly starts **cutting**.

KEVIN

(FREAKING) We didn't measure! We
didn't measure!

ANGLE ON Peter and Brian, watching Quagmire, Cleveland, and Joe working diligently. In the b.g., the kids are working.

BRIAN

Amazing, Peter. You've inspired the whole neighborhood to work together.

PETER

You know what's really amazing, Brian? I haven't brushed my teeth in three days and no one has said a thing.

EXT. QUAHOG STREET - DAY

Meg, pushing Stewie in his stroller, passes a pancake house with a "WAITRESS WANTED" sign in the corner of the window.

MEG

Hey, Stewie, if I had a job, I could buy the bag myself.

STEWIE (TEMP)

Hmm. I squandered my munitions budget on that insipid "Rugrats" video. Perhaps I should seek employment. Mother teaches piano. I suppose I could, as well...

PUSH IN on Stewie as he muses...

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (CUTAWAY)

RICHARD, an 8-year-old boy is at the piano. Stewie sits next to him.

STEWIE (TEMP)

All right, try it again, Richard.

And remember, the wrong keys are
electrified.

Richard nervously starts to play "**Twinkle Twinkle Little Star**", but on "Little" he hits the wrong note and receives a big, electric **zap**.

RICHARD (TEMP)

(ON VERGE OF TEARS) I don't want to
play the piano.

STEWIE (TEMP)

Indeed, would you rather play the
bassoon?

Stewie and Richard look to their right, where **WE PAN OVER** to see a SMALL GIRL with a bassoon suspended from the ceiling by a rope over a tank of water. Shark fins traverse the water. The girl nervously **blows** into the bassoon, making a **sour note**. The rope suddenly drops down a notch.

INT. FLAPPY JACK'S - MOMENTS LATER (BACK TO SCENE)

Meg and Stewie are at the register with FLAPPY JACK, a grumpy old man with a heart of gold. He looks over her application.

FLAPPY

No experience? No thanks.

Meg **sighs** and begins to leave. DELORES, a kindly, middle-aged waitress, **whispers** to Flappy and points to Stewie.

FLAPPY (CONT'D)

Aw, nuts. (CALLS OUT) Young lady?

Meg turns around. Flappy walks over and gives Stewie a cookie. After **smelling** it, Stewie begins munching on it.

FLAPPY (CONT'D)

What's the little guy's name?

MEG

What do you care?

FLAPPY

Well, I can't send an unwed teenage mother out on the street without a job.

MEG

(QUICKLY) Stewie. My son's name is Stewie.

Stewie does a **spit-take**, sending cookie crumbs everywhere.

EXT. MAIN STREET - A FEW DAYS LATER

Parade SPECTATORS line the street. Tom and Diane sit at a raised desk, wearing fall coats over their normal wardrobe. They also wear headphones with mics attached.

DIANE

(SURPRISED) Hello! Welcome to the Eighty-third annual Quahog Harvest Festival Parade! Are you as excited as I am, Tom?

TOM

Are you kidding, Diane? I've got wood. (PULLS OUT A CLIPBOARD) And clipped onto this piece of wood is a list of this year's float entries.

DIANE

Remember, the float that best captures this year's theme wins Quahog's coveted Golden Clam.

She gestures to a trophy in the shape of a large Golden Clam.

TOM

And here's our first float!

ANGLE ON A car towing a float which depicts Tony walking in on an old, red-haired woman, who smiles from behind the shower. The banner reads "Clover Street."

DIANE (O.S.)

Oh, looks like some wires got crossed on Clover Street. That's not Angela. That's Mona, Angela's mom.

TOM (O.S.)

Wonderful use of tree bark for the age spots, though.

DIANE (O.S.)

(AGREEING) Mmmhmm.

ANGLE ON the next float. It features Tony bathing a young, blonde boy in a bathtub. Below is a banner reading "Selby Avenue."

TOM (O.S.)

This one's got Tony bathing Jonathan.

Well, that's just plain wrong.

DIANE

Each float possesses its own unique
charm, but none of them--

TOM

Oh, baby, look at that!

ANGLE ON Our guys' float. It's an absolute behemoth compared to the others. Tony has a mechanical arm which opens and closes the shower door, while Angela's arm grabs a towel and covers her privates. The banner at the bottom reads "Spooner Street." Everyone from our neighborhood walks alongside the float, waving proudly to the crowd.

JOE

Peter, the float turned out great!

PETER

Yeah, our neighborhood hasn't been
this united since Quagmire figured
out how to get us all free cable.

EXT. STREET - DAY (FLASHBACK)

CLOSE ON A CABLE BOX up on a utility pole. **PAN DOWN** along a wire, then off the wire and down to a "Quahog Cable" truck. Cleveland holds the CABLE GUY from behind while Peter and Quagmire take turns **punching** him in the gut. The Cable Guy **grunts** with each punch.

CLEVELAND

(APOLOGETICALLY) We're not bad
people, we just don't want to pay
twelve dollars a month for Cinemax.

EXT. JUDGE'S PODIUM - LATER (BACK TO PRESENT)

Peter and the gang stand on the podium.

DIANE

First place goes to Spooner Street!

Everyone **cheers**. Tom hands them the trophy to hold. A PHOTOGRAPHER aims his camera. Peter, Cleveland, Quagmire and Joe, all with a hand on the trophy, smile. The photographer takes the picture and exits. However, instead of dispersing, everyone keeps a firm grasp on the trophy. They **chuckle** awkwardly. Each of them subtly pulls on the trophy.

PETER

Hehehehehe.

END OF END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. JUDGE'S PODIUM - LATE AFTERNOON

Peter, Joe, Cleveland and Quagmire all still hold the trophy. The women stand nearby. The podium is now being dismantled and the JANITOR sweeps up around them.

LORETTA

C'mon now, this is damn foolish.

PETER

My theme, my trophy.

QUAGMIRE

My Aunt Fanny. You said it yourself,

Peter, I'm the boss.

CLEVELAND

Well he said I, too, was the boss.

And it's time Cleveland got his due.

BONNIE

Joe, my feet are starting to swell.

JOE

(PATS HER BELLY) You two go home. I can stay here as long as it takes.

(TO OTHERS) I once had a stake-out that lasted sixteen days.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

This is child's play.

PETER

There's only one way to settle this.

Peter pulls out a gun. The women **shriek**, the men cover their heads with their free arm.

PETER (CONT'D)

Russian roulette. Three bullets.

Last guy standing keeps the trophy.

Me first!

He starts to raise the gun to his head, then stops.

PETER (TEMP)

No, no, no. Wait a minute. This is
crazy. (TO QUAGMIRE; SLYLY) You
first.

Quagmire pulls away.

BRIAN

Whoa, whoa, whoa. There's got to be
a way for you all to enjoy the trophy.

Everyone thinks.

PETER

Wait a minute, I got it! Nope, lost
it. Uhp, there it is again!

EXT. SPOONER STREET - A LITTLE LATER

The huge Tony and Angela from the float, each on one side of the street, form an arch. Their hands meet in the center, providing a platform on which the Golden Clam trophy rests.

LOIS (TEMP)

Perfect, Peter. Now we can all enjoy
it.

WIDEN OUT to reveal Peter, Lois, Cleveland, Loretta, Joe, Bonnie and Quagmire in the street admiring their work. The neighbors congratulate each other, (**wallah**) including: **You guys are the best / I love living here / this is so special / you smell good.**

*

CLEVELAND

Here's to togetherness.

The neighbors share a group hug. Peter looks o.s.

PETER

(ALARMED) Car. Car. Car!

They all scurry out of the way of an approaching car.

EXT./ESTAB. FLAPPY JACK'S PANCAKE HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

INT. FLAPPY JACK'S PANCAKE HOUSE - SAME

Meg comes over to Stewie, who sits at the counter in a booster chair.

MEG

(LOUD) How you doing, son?

STEWIE

Oh, delightful, mother!

Flappy **bangs** a bell twice.

FLAPPY

Meg, order up!

Meg crosses away. Delores gives Stewie a plate of pancakes.

DELORES

Here ya go, hon. From Flappy himself.

Flappy salutes Stewie from behind the kitchen food counter.

STEWIE

I don't care if they're from Kubla
filthy wretched Khan.

DELORES

Try 'em, you'll like 'em.

Delores cuts a bite and feeds it to Stewie.

STEWIE

Yes, yes, well I rather doubt that--
Oh... oh, oh, yes! Oh, oh, these are
delectable! (CALLS OUT) Flappy, good
news! I've decided not to kill you!

Stewie grabs a fork and starts devouring the pancakes.

ANGLE ON Meg. She collects her tip (coins only) from an empty table and **sighs**. AN ELDERLY COUPLE at the next table gets up and the man starts to leave a tip. The woman turns to Meg.

ELDERLY WOMAN (TEMP)

What a precious little boy.

MEG

Oh, that's my -- son.

ELDERLY WOMAN (TEMP)

Your son? But you're just a baby
yourself. (ASIDE TO HUSBAND) Henry,
give the little skank a nice tip.

The man lays down another bill. They exit, and Meg goes to their table.

MEG

(SOTTO) Twenty bucks!

ANOTHER COUPLE enters the diner. Meg rushes over to them.

MEG (TEMP)

Welcome to Flappy's! Why don't you
have a seat, next to my little baby
whose deadbeat dad doesn't pay child
support?

STEWIE (TEMP)

(BELCH, THEN PROUDLY) Ha!

EXT. GRIFFINS' FRONT YARD - THE NEXT DAY

An idyllic morning. Peter steps outside. He **breathes** in the fresh air and looks skyward. His eyes widen. We **ZOOM IN** to the top of the arch where... the trophy is gone!

PETER

Aaaaaaaaah!

Lois comes out of the house.

LOIS

Peter, what is it?

Cleveland and Loretta come out of their house, they **gasp**. Joe rolls out of his house, followed by Bonnie. There's a flashing red light on his wheelchair, and he is brandishing a gun. There's a quick **siren blast**. *

JOE

Clear the way! I'm a cop!

The gun **fires**. Off stage, we hear a man **groan**.

JOE (CONT'D)

Oh, my god! I thought the safety was
on! I'm so sorry.

We see Charlton Heston, holding his chest. A big red stain appears through his fingers.

CHARLTON HESTON

(STRUGGLING) That's okay, son. It's
your right as an American citizen.

Heston falls over, dead, **banging** his head on the car on the
way down. Quagmire runs out in his silk kimono and pajamas.

QUAGMIRE

What's all the noise, boys? I was
just jerk-- (SEES THE LADIES) --ed
out of a sound sleep.

CLEVELAND

(GAZING UP) Perhaps someone could
enlighten me as to the whereabouts of
our Golden Clam?

QUAGMIRE

Maybe it fell.

PETER

Yeah, right into someone's pocket.

BONNIE

You think one of us stole it?

PETER

I never said the word "stole." Looks like someone has a guilty conscience.

JOE

Guilty conscience? Ha! I'm the only guy on this block who actually pays for his cable.

BONNIE

(A LA STUDIO AUDIENCE) Ooooh!

CLEVELAND

Pretty high and mighty for a man who left our nation's flag out in the rain last Fourth of July. That's against the law, "Officer."

PETER/LOIS/LORETTA

Ooooooh!

QUAGMIRE

You're one to talk. Out there every trash day picking through my garbage. That's an invasion of my privacy.

EVERYONE

Ooooooh!

LORETTA

He's sortin' your recycling cuz he loves our mother earth.

(MORE)

LORETTA (CONT'D)

If you weren't so busy trollin' for
booty all the damn time, you could do
it yourself, like the law says you
should.

EVERYONE/PETER

Ooooooh! / Oh, it's on now!

JOE

Wait a second! What about Peter?
He's the one who wanted the trophy
all along.

They turn on Peter.

PETER

Yeah, what about me? Do I mind
telling me where I was last night?
I'm waiting.

BONNIE

Those Griffins always were oddballs,
Joe. Real oddballs. I don't trust
them.

LOIS

You know who I don't trust, Bonnie?
(POINTS AT HER) People who use their
pregnancy "cravings" as an excuse to
snack on yogurt covered raisins from
the bulk bins at Stop 'n Shop!

*

Everyone **gasps** and starts **shouting** things at each other, i.e., "**Look at those beady eyes!**", "**I never liked that guy**", "**Are those my pants?**", etc. We **PAN OVER** and the neighborhood transforms to black and white. We stop on ROD SERLING who looks severely into the **CAMERA**.

ROD SERLING

I offer you a recipe. Combine one part small town neighborhood with a dash of missing trophy and what you're left with is a gumbo fit only for a madman. A gumbo served almost exclusively...in The Twilight--

PETER (O.S.)

Hey, who the hell's that? I bet he took the trophy! Get him!

A rock **bounces** off Rod's head. He looks around anxiously then turns and runs. Our guys angrily give chase with sticks and stones, **shouting threats**.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

PUSH IN on a window. Peter looks through the blinds.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME

Lois makes breakfast. Peter's still at the window. Meg enters, carrying Stewie. She's dressed in her uniform.

MEG

Well, I'm off to work.

PETER

Okay, honey. (THEN:) One of our neighbors took that trophy, Lois. And I'm gonna find out who!

MEG

I'm taking Stewie with me again.

LOIS

Fine, sweetie. (TO PETER) This whole thing just makes me sick.

PETER

For cryin' out loud, we've played Pictionary with them!

LOIS

Bastards.

STEWIE (TEMP)

(HOLDING HER HAIR AS REINS) Giddyup, you stubby little mare! To the pancake house! Yah!

MEG

(BEAT) Well. Bye.

Meg exits with Stewie.

LOIS

And to think they used to be our best friends.

PETER

Well, that was then. And this is now. And this is a chair. And that's a lamp. And you have boobies. And I'm gonna find that trophy!

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' DEN - DAY

Peter and Lois sit across from Joe, Bonnie, Cleveland, Loretta, and Quagmire. *

JOE (TEMP)

Well, to be honest, Peter, we were
all a little surprised you invited us
over. *

PETER

Well, we realized our friendship is a lot
more important than some stupid trophy.

The whistle **blows**.

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh, there's the tea. I'll get it,
Lois. Two sugars, right, Bonnie? *

Hehe, okay.

Peter exits to kitchen. After a beat we hear a **door slam**.

EXT./WIDE SHOT OF SPOONER STREET - CONT.

Peter runs from his house to the Swansons' house.

INT. SWANSONS' LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The living room is already a mess as Peter continues to quickly rummage through it, i.e., upending the couch, clearing everything off of a shelf, etc. A family portrait of Joe, Bonnie, and Kevin hangs on the wall near the door. Peter stops and looks around a beat. *

PETER

Damn, it's not here!

Peter starts to run out, but stops at the family portrait. He takes out a magic marker, draws moustaches on Kevin, Bonnie, and Joe. *

EXT./WIDE SHOT OF SPOONER STREET - CONT.

Peter dashes from the Swansons' house to Cleveland's house. *

INT. CLEVELAND LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Peter is again rummaging through the living room, i.e., gutting a vacuum cleaner, dumping out a candy bowl, slicing open the couch cushions. Peter stops and looks around.

PETER (TEMP)

Eh, not here either. *

Peter is on his way out the door, but stops at a family portrait, then draws a moustache on Cleveland Jr. and Loretta. When he notices Cleveland already has one, he erases it.

INT. GRIFFINS' DEN - CONT.

Everyone is as we left them. There's an awkward silence. Through the window behind the neighbors, Lois watches Peter run from Cleveland's house towards Quagmire's house. No one else notices. Lois proffers a bowl of Bugles.

LOIS (TEMP)

(TO ALL) Bugle?

JOE (TEMP)

Ahhh... Yeah, I love sticking those
things on my fingers. *

EXT. QUAGMIRE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Peter runs to the mailbox marked "G. Quagmire". He opens it, sees no trophy, then enters Quagmire's house.

INT. QUAGMIRE'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Peter turns on the light. A phonograph starts playing, "One Mint Julep". The decor is swanky-fifties bachelor pad. (A wall slowly spins around, revealing a fully-stocked cocktail bar. There's colored lights, animal skin upholstery, lots of mirrors, a fountain with a cherub peeing, etc.) Peter disappears into the closet. He doesn't notice that the inside of the closet door is plastered with pictures of Lois. Quagmire's belongings come sailing out of the closet. After a beat, Peter comes out. He notices the pictures of Lois.

PETER

Huh. (THEN) Nothin'.

He **slams** the closet door.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

The room has been torn apart, just like what Peter did to the neighbors' houses. Peter, Lois, and Chris enter from outside.

LOIS

Oh, my god! We were robbed!

PETER

Is anything missing?

LOIS

(LOOKS AROUND) No, I don't think so. *

Hey, where's that picture of me in my
two-piece at the Cape?

CHRIS

Should I call the cops?

PETER

No, I'm guessing a cop may have had
something to do with this. Or a
pilot. Or a deli owner.

He runs to the front door.

PETER (CONT'D)

Okay, you dirtbags! This means war!

EXT./ESTAB. HARDWARE EMPORIUM - LATER

INT. HARDWARE EMPORIUM - SAME

Peter and Lois push a cart filled with home security equipment, i.e., floodlights, sirens, motion detectors, barbed wire, sandbags, etc. They approach a SALESPERSON.

LOIS

Excuse us, we're having a small
problem with home security.

PETER

Do you-a, do you guys have those
round metal things that you bury in
the ground and when you step on them
they explode?

SALESPERSON

(CONFUSED) Land mines?

PETER AND LOIS

(OF COURSE!) Land mines!

PETER

It was land mines.

Joe and Bonnie, Cleveland and Loretta, and Quagmire, suddenly
appear with armfuls of home security equipment. They eye
each other warily. *

PETER (CONT'D)

Quagmire.

QUAGMIRE

Peter.

JOE

Cleveland.

CLEVELAND

Joe.

LOIS

Bonnie.

*

BONNIE

Lois.

QUAGMIRE

Cleveland.

JOE

Lois.

CLEVELAND

Bonnie.

*

LOIS

Quagmire.

BONNIE

Peter.

LORETTA

(BEAT, CLEARS HER THROAT)

CLEVELAND

Loretta.

There's an awkward beat.

LOIS

Oh, ha, ha, here are the scented
mosquito coils. Ha, ha. Come on,
Peter.

Lois throws a box into the cart and pushes it away. Peter follows. He nervously looks back at the others, then intentionally **knocks** over a large trash can marked "nails." Thousands of nails scatter on the floor behind him.

PETER

That oughta slow 'em down.

EXT./ESTAB. FLAPPY JACK'S PANCAKE HOUSE - DAY

INT. FLAPPY JACK'S PANCAKE HOUSE - SAME

Meg talks to a table of CUSTOMERS, who are rapt. Stewie sits at the counter near a woman in a suit (SANDY BELFER).

MEG (TEMP)

...The real victim here is my crack-addicted baby. Right, Stewie?

STEWIE

What's that? (CALLS OUT) Oh, yes, yes, I'm jonesing! I need a fix.

MEG

This is the first time he's eaten something other than dog food in three weeks. (THEN, BRIGHTLY) Well, here's your check. God bless.

*

Meg picks up the check and some coins and crosses away. The customers all throw more money on the table. Meg walks over to Stewie. Delores puts a plate of pancakes down in front of Stewie.

STEWIE

What's this? Blueberries? (TAKES BITE) Oooh, Oh my go-, Oh, that's better than sex!

ANGLE ON Sandy Belfer, who takes her bill to Flappy at the register.

SANDY BELFER

Oh, and could I get that waitress'
address? I'd like to help her baby.

ANGLE ON Stewie. He's covered in syrup and pouring the last drops from a bottle into his mouth.

EXT. SPOONER STREET - DAY

The neighborhood is a war zone. Trenches, sandbags, and barbed wire protect everyone's houses. The Griffins have a castle turret on their roof where Peter stands guard, looking through field glasses and pointing a parabolic microphone at the neighbors. Lois brings him a glass of iced tea.

LOIS

What're they up to?

PETER

Well, Cleveland and Quagmire are
holding their positions, but I
haven't seen Joe all day.

ANGLE ON Joe's house. Kevin walks across the lawn with his school books. *

JOE (O.S.)

Freeze!

Kevin freezes. He looks around and sees nothing. *

KEVIN

Dad?

Joe wheels out of position. We realize he's applied camouflage paint to himself that makes him blend into the bushes, house, and window (like "Predator").

JOE (TEMP)

Careful, Kevin. There's a bear trap
two feet to your right. *

We **WIDEN TO REVEAL** a bear trap.

KEVIN

(NERVOUS) Thanks, Dad.

Joe wheels back and disappears into the background. Kevin avoids the bear trap. *

JOE (O.S.)

(INVISIBLE) Look out for your mother!

Kevin **stumbles** over an invisible barrier. *

BONNIE (O.S.)

(INVISIBLE) There's a sandwich on the counter, honey.

ANGLE ON Cleveland's house. Loretta watches as Cleveland sets up a giant lobster trap on their lawn.

LORETTA

Cleveland, these lobster traps aren't gonna catch any intruders.

CLEVELAND

Yes, they will. I baited them with these plump and tasty Fenway franks.

CLEVELAND JR. (O.S.)

Daddy, we got one! Daddy, we got one!

They run around the side of the house to another giant lobster trap. Inside, Chris is eating a hotdog.

CLEVELAND JR.

Hahaha. Fat boy smelled the hotdog, couldn't help it! Went right in!
Hahahaha, hahaha.

ANGLE ON Quagmire. He's dressed in a camouflage smoking jacket and sitting behind a bunker of sandbags in front of his house listening to "**Bubbles In The Wine.**" A rifle rests nearby. Sandy Belfer walks up to the sandbag wall.

FAMILY GUY 1ACX13 "LOVE THY TROPHY" COLOR DRAFT (WHITE) 7/6/99 35A.

SANDY BELFER

Hello?

QUAGMIRE

Hey, get the hell off my la-- (SEES
HER) Well, helloooo,
lipslegsbreastandass!

SANDY BELFER

Yes, I was hoping I could ask you
about your neighbors, the Griffins?

QUAGMIRE

The Griffins? Bunch a' card-carryin'
Commies, you ask me. Hu-hu, alll
righ-- no, no, no, no, it's not all
right!

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON Cleveland and Loretta as they talk to Sandy. In the
b.g., Cleveland Junior pokes at Chris in the trap with a
stick. Cleveland Junior **laughs** his head off.

CLEVELAND JR.

Hey fat boy.

CLEVELAND

The Griffins are not to be trusted.

LORETTA

Mmm-hmmm.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON Joe and Bonnie, dressed normally, talking to Sandy. *

JOE

Those people are nothing but vile,
cheating, lying scum.

BONNIE

And their carpet and drape scheme?

Bonnie pretends to stick her finger down her throat.

*

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME

Stewie struggles in his chair as Lois tries to feed him.

STEWIE

No, no, I won't. Get that puree of
loathsomeness away from me!

LOIS

But you love mashed turkey and peas.

STEWIE

I'm sorry, what was that? I'm sorry,
I didn't quite catch that. Did you
just tell me what I love? Hmm?
Write this down, you toad-faced
frump! I love pancakes!

The **doorbell** rings. Lois picks up Stewie and crosses out.

INT. GRIFFINS' FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Lois, holding Stewie, opens the door to reveal Sandy flanked
by TWO UNIFORMED OFFICERS.

SANDY BELFER

Hi, little fella! (THEN) Is Meg
Griffin here?

LOIS

No, she's not.

SANDY BELFER

(TO MEN) Probably out scoring more
rock.

(MORE)

SANDY BELFER (CONT'D)

(FLASHES BADGE) Sandy Belfer, Child
Services. We're placing this baby in
a foster home.

LOIS

What?

STEWIE

For god's sake, feed me!

SANDY BELFER

Let me guess. All out of puppy chow?

What an awful home for a child.

LOIS

How dare you! This is a wonderful
home.

We hear an **explosion**.

PETER (O.S.)

Quagmire, ya rat bastard, come near
my fence again and that'll be your
head!

QUAGMIRE (O.S.)

Hey, shut up!

SANDY BELFER

(TO STEWIE) Honey, would you like
some pancakes!

STEWIE

Oh, yes, god, yes! Take me!

He jumps into Sandy's arms. She walks away. The men hold
Lois back.

LOIS

Stewie!

On Lois' anguished face, we:

FADE OUT.

END OF END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lois sits on the sofa, distraught. Peter enters.

LOIS (TEMP)

Oh, Peter, they took Stewie! They
took my baby!

PETER (TEMP)

(SUSPICIOUS) Don't you mean our baby?

Meg enters, swinging her new purse and posing stylishly.

MEG

Next up is Meg Griffin, sporting her
stylishly cool, brand new--

Lois crosses to Meg.

LOIS

Oh, Meg! A woman from Child Services
came and took Stewie away! She said
we fed him dog food.

MEG

(UH-OH) Dog food, huh?

PETER

Don't worry, Lois! Nothing's gonna
stop me from getting our son ba--

(NOTICES) Hey, nice purse!

LOIS

Meg, is that a real Prada bag? How
in the world did you make eleven
hundred dollars as a waitress in one
week?

MEG

It's easy. (SHEEPISH) When you're the
unwed teenage mother of a crack-
addicted baby. Hehehehe.

PETER

(STUNNED) Wait a minute! Meg! When
did you become a teenager?

LOIS

She's sixteen, Peter.

PETER

(SHOCKED) You knew about this?

MEG

I am so sorry!

LOIS

Oh, Meg, how could you! Oh, my poor
baby! They're probably gonna put him
in some awful foster home.

EXT./ESTAB. FOSTER HOME - DAY

An idyllic suburban family home.

INT. FOSTER HOME - DAY

JACK AND SARAH KERN, a sweet, politically-correct couple hold
Stewie in their modestly-furnished living room.

SARAH

Baby Stewie, say hello to your new
brothers and sisters.

REVEAL SIX ETHNICALLY DIVERSE KIDS (ages 3-5) smiling up at them. Stewie sees them and **gasps**. Sarah puts Stewie down and the children walk up to him, one by one.

MEXICAN BOY

Hola, Stewie.

CHINESE GIRL

Neehow, Stewie.

AFRICAN BOY

(CLICK-TONGUE), Stewie.

STEWIE

Good god, I've been adopted by a
Benetton ad!

EXT. /ESTAB. CHILD SERVICES - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

A large sign reads "Child Services." A smaller sign below it reads "Taking your children away for over fifty years."

INT. CHILD SERVICES - SAME

Chris, Meg, and Brian are sitting next to each other in the waiting area. Peter and Lois wait in line. The CLERK addresses the WOMAN standing at the window.

WOMAN (TEMP)

I promise, it'll never happen again.

CLERK (TEMP)

I hope not, Mrs. Stevens. Because
next time we won't just take him
away. We'll kill him.

The Clerk opens a file cabinet and flips through some files.

CLERK (CONT'D; TEMP)

Stanley. Starkweather. Stevens.

He opens up a file and takes out a BABY wrapped in a blanket, then closes the drawer with a bump of his hip. He hands the baby to the woman.

ANGLE ON Chris and Brian. Chris sees a the clerk give Mrs. Stevens her baby.

CHRIS

So this is where babies come from?

BRIAN

(BEAT, THEN ANNOYED) Yes, Chris.

This is where babies come from.

Chris turns to Lois and points at her accusingly.

CHRIS

You told me I came out of your vagina!

CLERK (O.S.;TEMP)

Next!

Peter and Lois approach the clerk at the window.

PETER (TEMP)

Hi, we're the Griffins.

CLERK (TEMP)

(LOOKING THROUGH PAPERS) Griffin...

Griffin... I'm sorry, I can't find
your paperwork.

LOIS (TEMP)

Well, look harder! I want my baby
back!

PETER (TEMP)

Lois, please, let me handle this.

(TO CLERK, ARROGANT) The name's

"Griffin". We're the ones who fed
dog food to our crack-addicted baby.

The clerk scowls at the Griffins, then closes the window.

PETER (CONT'D; TEMP)

You see that look he gave me, Lois?

(THEN; OFF LOIS' LOOK) Yeah, that's
it.

EXT./ESTAB. FOSTER HOME - DAY

INT. FOSTER HOME KITCHEN - SAME

Stewie is on the counter, opening cabinets and **dumping** their contents onto the floor. Jack and Sarah look on, concerned.

STEWIE

Oh, dammit. I want pancakes! God,
do you people understand every
language except English? (TO JACK AND
SARAH) Yo quiero pancakes! Donnez-
moi pancakes! Click click bloody
click pancakes!

SARAH

Poor little guy. "Pancakes" must be
"street" for crack. Damn those
parents of his!

JACK

Sarah. Forgiveness. Now, Stewie,
why don't you go play with the others?

They carry him into:

INT. FOSTER HOME LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CHINESE GIRL (O.S.)

Stewie!

Stewie turns and sees the multi-ethnic children lying on the ground next to each other in a semi-circle, with a spot open in the middle for Stewie.

CHINESE GIRL

Come complete our rainbow!

STEWIE

Aaaaahh!

EXT. GRIFFINS' DRIVEWAY - LATER

Peter and Lois face Joe, Bonnie, Cleveland, Loretta, and Quagmire. *

LOIS (TEMP)

You lied to them!

Peter waves pages from a file at them.

PETER

You, you told Child Services that we
steal lawn mowers and cheat on our
taxes and worship some guy named Stan!

BONNIE

(OFF REPORT, SHEEPISH) Um, actually
I said "satan." That's a typo.

The neighbors exchange guilty looks.

QUAGMIRE

Well, we didn't know who that woman
was. It's not our fault.

LOIS

No? Then whose fault is it?!

BRIAN (O.S.)

It's all of yours.

Brian steps forward, walking through the crowd.

BRIAN

You were all working together just fine, but then you won that stupid trophy. You put some shiny, hunk of metal before your own friendships.

LOIS

Brian's right! We were so obsessed with that trophy we lost sight of what was really going on! Well, now we have a real problem to deal with!

PETER

That's right! Somebody tipped off the cable company about our free Cinemax! Joe. (OFF LOIS' GLARE) And we have to get Stewie back! (TO LOIS, HAUGHTY) I remembered.

CLEVELAND

Well, we're here to help. For while we may live in separate houses, we are all one family. And we must get our baby back.

JOE

Right on! Let's do it! Rock that
world! R-rock that world!

Everyone is stunned by Joe's outburst for a beat. Then, they
ad-lib cheers: "C'mon!" "Yeah!" "Let's get Stewie!"

INT. FOSTER HOME LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sarah and Jack sit on the couch. The children, except
Stewie, surround them.

SARAH

See kids, one day, the world is going
to be just like our home. All races
living together in harmony and love.

Suddenly, a large nearby bookcase tips over and **crashes** to
the ground, revealing Stewie behind it. He rests his hands
on the fallen bookcase as the family stares at him.

STEWIE

Pancakes.

SARAH

He must still be working the junk out
of his system. He needs hugs.

They start for Stewie when the doorbell **rings**.

STEWIE

Doorbell! Doorbell!

JACK

I'll get it. Haji, teach everyone
how to wrap a turban while I'm gone.

INT. FOSTER HOME FRONT DOOR - DAY

Jack opens the door to reveal Cleveland and Joe, wearing suits. Joe has a stack of books in his lap.

CLEVELAND

Hi, we're from the One World, One
People Book of the Month Club. Is
there something missing in your life?

JACK

You know, I just bet there is.
(CALLING) Sarah, we have guests!
(THEN TO SARAH) And one of them's
differently-abled!

We **QUICKLY PAN** down the street to where Cleveland's Deli Van is parked at the curb.

INT. CLEVELAND'S DELI VAN - CONTINUOUS

Lois is at the wheel. Loretta, wearing headphones, aims the big parabolic microphone toward the house. Bonnie peers out the van window with binoculars. *

BONNIE

They're in place! She's wearing a
pantsuit and-- Oh no, wait!

LOIS

(SCARED) What!?

BONNIE

They're separates! (LOWERS BINOCULARS
AND LOOKS AT LOIS) She is definitely
wearing separates.

LOIS

That's fine, Bonnie. (INTO WALKIE-
TALKIE) Go, Chris!

*

EXT. FOSTER HOME ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Chris puts down his walkie-talkie. He slowly lets out a length of rope down the chimney.

CHRIS

Here we go, Dad!

INT. FOSTER HOME LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Haji is demonstrating how to wrap a turban to the kids. Stewie sits off to the side, looking bored.

HAJI

Stewie, would you like to learn how
to wrap a turban?

STEWIE

Why don't you teach it to the Chinese
girl? Or perhaps she can learn after
her people invade your country.

HAJI

(TO CHINESE GIRL) Li, would your
people really do this?

STEWIE

Oh, try and stop them. And try and stop Pablo's people from using drug money to buy arms from Li's countrymen, who will in turn sell them to Yuri's people, so that they can ethnically cleanse the rest of this nauseatingly diverse grab-bag of genetic party favors you call a family. So now you understand, yes? You all hate each other.

The children start to **cry**. Suddenly, Peter **crashes** down into the fireplace. The kids stop and stare up at him.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

(SEEING PETER) Oh, hosanna! It's the lesser of two evils!

Peter puts his finger against his lips.

PETER

Oh, uh, hey kids. I'm, uh, Santa Claus. Just practicing for Christmas.

HAJI

But you're white. Jack and Sarah told me Santa is Indian.

AFRICAN BOY

Don't be stupid. Santa is Black.

HAJI

Santa can't be black; we do not fear
him.

CHINESE GIRL

Cram it, Ghandi! Santa is Asian!

MEXICAN BOY

How can he be Asian? Santa doesn't
drive his sled twenty miles under the
speed limit with his blinker on. Go
back to your rice paddy, Mulan.

They all start yelling, "**Redskin**", "**Igloohead**", and **random
angry clicking noises**. In seconds, they're all pushing and
fighting. Peter scoops up Stewie and embraces him.

PETER

C'mon, Stewie! We're outta here!

Peter carries Stewie out. Over Peter's shoulder, Stewie
waves his hands at the **squabbling** children.

STEWIE

Dance, puppets, dance!

INT. FOSTER HOME HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Peter pulls out a walkie-talkie.

PETER

Lois, we got him. It's all over.

LOIS (O.S.)

Careful, Peter! Joe and Cleveland
can't stall them anymore! They're
heading your way!

PETER

Aw, crap.

Peter hurries to a window where Meg stands outside waiting for the hand off. Jack and Sarah burst into the room.

JACK

Hold it right there!

PETER

Or what?

Jack pulls out a shotgun and **double pumps** it. Peter freezes.

STEWIE

Don't shoot!

Stewie unfastens his diaper, slips to the floor and **patters** away, leaving Peter holding just a diaper.

STEWIE (O.S.)

Now shoot!

EXT. FOSTER HOME FRONT DOOR - A LITTLE LATER

Jack and Sarah hold Stewie as they face the Griffins and their neighbors, who are gathered before them.

LOIS

...So, we're terribly sorry we broke
into your home, but we just had to
get Stewie back somehow.

SARAH

Well, that's a very long story, but
we've grown attached to little
Stewie. Plus, the law is on our side.

PETER

Oh, you people can kiss the fattest
part of my ass. We'll be back,
Stewie.

Everyone turns to leave.

SARAH

Wait!

Sarah **whispers** something to her husband. He nods.

JACK

(TO MEG) Is that a real Prada bag?

Meg, fearful, clutches her bag tightly.

EXT. GRIFFINS' BACKYARD - EVENING

The Griffins and their neighbors (except for Quagmire) sit at a long picnic table eating dinner.

PETER (TEMP)

I'd like to propose a toast. To our neighbors, who reminded us that by working together and putting aside our petty differences, we still couldn't accomplish what an overpriced lousy Italian pocketbook could.

JOE

Here, here!

Everyone drinks. Meg begins to **weep**, quietly.

CLEVELAND (TEMP)

Hey, where's Quagmire?

LOIS (TEMP)

Yes, if it wasn't for him we never would've found out where Stewie's foster family lived.

PETER

I think he's still working undercover.

INT. QUAGMIRE'S BEDROOM - SAME (CUTAWAY)

Quagmire enters in a kimono, holding a martini. **WIDEN TO REVEAL** Sandy Belfer is in his big heart-shaped bed (sheet pulled up, nothing showing).

SANDY BELFER

Glenn, honey, I have a question for you. What do you do for a living?

QUAGMIRE

Hey, I have a question for you, too.
Why are you still here?

EXT. GRIFFINS' BACKYARD - EVENING (BACK TO SCENE)

JOE

What the heck happened to that trophy, anyway?

BRIAN

I guess some mysteries are better left unsolved.

PETER

Some mysteries? I say all mysteries.
Who killed Kennedy? Who cares?!

Everyone **ad-libs** their agreement.

EXT. GRIFFINS' SIDE YARD - LATER THAT NIGHT

WE PAN the moonlit yard stopping on Brian, who stands next to a mound of dirt with a shovel stuck in it. He **dig**s a bit with his paws, then pulls out the dirty Golden Clam trophy. He brushes it off and admires it.

BRIAN

(ECSTASY) Aaaaaah!

WIDEN TO REVEAL Rod Serling, still in black and white, smoking a cigarette.

In the b.g., Brian **kisses** the trophy, puts it in the hole, and quickly backfills the dirt. He takes the shovel and exits the frame.

ROD SERLING

Submitted for your approval: A family
pet with the uncontrollable urge to
bury shiny objects in the yard, a
shameful secret that nearly buried
the peace and civility of an entire
neighborho--

Suddenly, we see the shovel swing around behind Serling from
off-screen and **clang** against his head. He goes down like a
ton of bricks, **REVEALING** Brian behind him, holding the
shovel. Brian begins **digging** another hole, and we:

FADE OUT.

END OF END OF ACT THREE

TAG

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. STEWIE'S BEDROOM - SAME

Peter looks on as Lois pulls a blanket over Stewie, who lies in a crib, tossing and turning.

LOIS

Stewie seems a little feverish after his ordeal. And he keeps asking for pancakes. Hmm, let's just let him rest.

They exit. We **PUSH IN** on Stewie. Beads of sweat mark his brow.

STEWIE

(TORTURED) Ahh, Flappy, what have you done to me? Oh, it's so hot! (THROWS BLANKET OFF) Now I'm freezing! (PULLS BACK BLANKET) Oh, what I wouldn't do for one syrup-soaked bite...

Stewie, delirious, looks up at the ceiling and sees himself crawling upside down towards him, a la "Trainspotting." His head slowly spins all the way around.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Ahhhh!

END OF SHOW